

22  
22

A  
T A L E  
O F  
THREE BONNETS.  
IN FOUR CANTOS.



G L A S G O W:

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M D C C L X X V.

THE PERSONS.

DUNIWHISTLE, { *Father to Joukum,  
Bristle, and Bawsy.*

JOUKUM, *in love with Rosie.*

BRISTLE, *a Man of Resolution.*

BAWSY, *a weaker Brother.*

BARD, *a Narrator.*

BEEF, *Porter to Rosie.*

GHAIST, *The Ghost of Duniwhistle.*

ROSIE, *an Heiress.*



A TALE



A  
T A L E  
O F  
THREE BONNETS.

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C A N T O I.

---

B A R D.

**W**HEN men of mettle thought it nonsense  
To heed that cleping thing ca'd conscience;  
And by free-thinking had the knack  
Of jeering ilka word it spake;  
And as a learned author speaks,  
Imploy'd it like a pair of breeks,  
To hide their lewd and nasty sluces,  
Which eith slipt down for baith these uses.  
Then *Duniwhistle* worn with years,  
And gawn the gate of his forbears,  
Commanded his three sons to come  
And wait upon him in his room:  
Bad *Bristle* steek the door: and syne  
He thus began——

*Duniwhistle*. —— Dear bairns of mine,  
I quickly maun submit to fate,  
And leave you three a good estate,

Which has been honourably won,  
 And handed down frae fire to son,  
 But clagg or claim for ages past:  
 Now that ye mayna prove the last,  
 Here's three permission BONNETS for ye,  
 Which your *Grand Gutchers* wore before ye,  
 And if ye'd hae nae man betray ye,  
 Let naithing ever wile them frae ye,  
 But keep the BONNETS on your heads,  
 And hands frae signing foolish deeds,  
 And ye shall never want sick things  
 Shall gar ye be made of by kings:  
 But if ye ever with them part,  
 Fou fair ye'll for your folly smart:  
 Bare-headed then ye'll look like snools,  
 And dwindle down to silly tools.  
 Had up your hands now swear and say,  
 As ye shall answer on a day,——  
 Ye'll faithfully observe my will,  
 And a' its premisses fulfil.

*Bristle.* My worthy father, I shall strive  
 To keep your name and fame alive,  
 And never shaw a faul that's dastard,  
 To gar fouk tak me for a bastard:  
 If e'er by me ye're disobey'd,  
 May witches nightly on me ride.

*Foukum.* Wha e'er shall dare by force, or guile  
 This *Bonnet* aff my head to wile,  
 For sic a bauld attempt shall rue,  
 And ken I was begot by you.  
 Else may I like a gipsie wander,  
 Or for my daily bread turn paunder.

*Bawfsy.*



Canto I. *A Tale of Three Bonnets.* 5

*Bawfy.* May I be jyb'd by great and sma',  
And kytch'd like ony tennis ba',  
Be the disgrace of a' my kin,  
If e'er I with my *Bonnet* twin.

*Bard.* Now soon as each had gi'en his aith,  
The *auld man* yielded up his breath,  
Was rou'd in linen white as snaw,  
And to his fathers born awa'.  
But scarcely he in mools was rotten  
Before his test'ment was forgotten,  
As ye shall hear frae future sonnet,  
How *Joukum* finder'd with his *Bonnet*,  
And bought frae's senseless *Billy Bawfsy*  
His to propine a giglet lassie.  
While worthy *Bristle* not sae doner'd,  
Preserves his *Bonnet*, and is honour'd.  
Thus *Caractacus* did behave,  
Tho' by the fate of war a slave;  
His body only,——for his mind  
No *Roman* power could break or bind.  
With *Bonnet* on he bauldly spake,  
His greatness gart his fetters crack.  
The victor did his friendship claim,  
And sent him with new glories hame.  
But leave we *Birfs* and simile,  
And to our tale with ardour flee.  
Beyond the hills where lang the billies  
Had bred up queys and kids and fillies,  
And foughten many a bloody battle,  
With thieves that came to lift their cattle;  
There liv'd a lass kept rary-shows,  
And fidlers ay about her house,

Wha

Wha at her table fed and ranted  
 With the stout ale she never wanted.  
 She was a winsome wench and waly,  
 And could put on her claiths fu' brawly,  
 Rumble to ilka market town,  
 And drink and fight like a dragoon :  
 Just sic as her wha far aff wander'd  
 To get hersel weel *Alexander'd*.  
*Rose* had a word of meikle filler,  
 Whilk brought a hantle o' wooers till her,  
 Amang the rest young master *Fouk*,  
 She conquer'd ae day wi' a look :  
 Frae that time forth he ne'er could stay  
 At hame to mind his corn or hay,  
 But grew a beau, and did adorn  
 Himself with fifty bows of corn,  
 Forby what he took on, to rigg  
 Him out with linen, shoon and wig,  
 Snuff-boxes, sword-knots, canes and washes,  
 And sweeties to bestow on lasses,  
 Cou'd newest aiths genteelly swear,  
 And had a course of flaws perquire :  
 He drank and danc'd, and sigh'd to move,  
 Fair *Rosie* to accept his love.

After dumb signs he thus began,  
 And spake his mind to'er like a man.

*Foukum.* O take me *Rosie* to your arms,  
 And let me revel o'er your charms ;  
 If you say na, I needna care,  
 For rapes or tethers made of hair,  
 Penknives or pools I winna need,  
 That minute ye say na, I'm dead,

O let me lie within your breast :  
 And at your dainty table feast ;  
 Well do I like your gowd to finger,  
 And fit to hear your *staneless finger*.  
 While on this sun side o' the brae,  
 Belongs to you, my limbs I'll lay.

*Rosie.* I own, sweet sir, ye woo me frankly,  
 But a' your courtship sars sae rankly,  
 Of selfish interest, that I'm flead  
 My person least employs your head.

*Foukum.* What a distinction's this you're mak-  
 When your poor lover's heart is breaking; (ing  
 With little logic I can shew,  
 That every thing you have is you ;  
 Besides the beauties of your person,  
 These beds of flowers you set your a— on,  
 Your claihs, your lands, and lying pelf,  
 Are every ane your very self,  
 And add fresh lustre to those graces,  
 With which adorned your saul and face is.

*Rosie.* Ye seem to have a loving flame  
 For me, and hate your native hame ;  
 That gars me ergh to trust ye meikle,  
 For fear ye shou'd prove fause and fickle.

*Foukum.* In troth my rugged billy *Bristle*,  
 About his gentrie maks sic fistle,  
 That if a body contradiet him,  
 He's ready with a durk to stick him ;  
 That wearies me of hame I vow,  
 And fain wad live and die with you.

*Bard.* Observing *Fouk* a wee rate tipsy,  
 Smirking reply'd the pauky gipsy.

*Rosie.*

*Rosie.* I wad be very wae to see  
 My lover tak the pet and die ;  
 Wherefore I am inclin'd to ease ye :  
 And do what in me lies to please ye :  
 But first ere we conclude the paction,  
 You must perform some gallant action,  
 To prove the truth of what you've said,  
 Else I for you shall die a maid.

*Foukum.* My dearest jewel, gie't a name,  
 That I may win both you and fame :  
 Shall I gae fight with forest bulls,  
 Or cleave down troops with thicker skulls ?  
 Or shall I douk the deepest sea,  
 And coral pou for beads to thee ;  
 Penty the *Pope* upon the nose,  
 Or pish upon a hundred *beaus* ?

*Rosie.* In troth, dear lad I wad be laith,  
 To risk your life, or do you skaith,  
 Only employ your canny skill,  
 To gain and rive your *Father's will*,  
 With the consent of *Birfs* and *Bawfsy*,  
 And I shall in my bosom hawse ye,  
 Soon as the fatal *Bonnets* three  
 Are ta'en frae them and gi'en to me.

*Foukum.* Which to preserve I gied my aith!  
 But now the cause is life and death,  
 I must, or with the *Bonnet* part,  
 Or twin with you, and break my heart :  
 Sae tho' the aith we took was awfu',  
 To keep it now appears unlawfu'.  
 Then, love, I'll answer thy demands,  
 And fly to fetch them to your hands.

*Bard.*



*Bard.* The famous jilt of *Palestine*,  
Thus drew the hooks o'er *Sampson's* Een,  
And gart him tell where lay his strength,  
Of which she twin'd him at the length,  
Then gied him up in chains to rave,  
And labour like a galley slave :  
But *Rosie* mind, when growing hair,  
His loss of pith 'gan to repair,  
He made of thousands an example,  
By crushing them beneath their temple.



## C A N T O II.

*Bard.* **T**He supper sowin-cogs and bannocks  
Stood cooling on the soles of winnocks  
And cracking at the westlin gavels  
Auld wives sat beeking of their navels,  
When *Jouk* his brither *Bristle* found,  
Fetching his ev'ning wauk around  
A score of ploughmen of his ain,  
Who blythly whistled on the plain.  
*Jouk* three times congee'd, *Bristle* anes,  
Then shook his hand, and thus begins.

*Bristle.* Wow, brither *Jouk*, where hae ye  
I scarce can trow my looking een, (been?  
Ye're grown' fae braw: now weirds defend me,  
Gin that I had nae maist miskend ye,  
And where gat ye that bra' blue stringing  
That's at your houghs and shou'ders hinging?

Ye look as sprush as one that's wooing,  
I ferly, lad, what ye've been doing.

*Foukum.* My very much respected brither,  
Should we hide ought frae ane anither,  
And not, when warm'd with the same blood,  
Consult ilk ane anither's good:  
And be it kend t'ye, my design  
Will profit prove to me and mine.

*Bristle.* And brither, trouth it much commends  
Your virtue, thus to love your friends;  
It makes me blyth; for aft I said  
Ye was a clever mettl'd lad.

*Foukum.* And sae, I hope, will ever prove,  
If ye befriend me in my love:  
For *Rosie*, bonny, rich and gay,  
And sweet as flowers in June or May,  
Her geer I'll get, her sweets I'll rifle,  
If ye'll but yield me up a trifle.  
Promise to do't, and ye'se be free  
With ony thing pertains to me.

*Bristle.* I lang to answer your demand,  
And never shall for trifles stand.

*Foukum.* Then she desires as a propine  
These *Bonnets*, *Bawsy's*, *yours* and *mine*;  
And well I wat that's nae great matter,  
If I sae easily can get her.

*Bristle.* Ha, ha! ye *Judas*, are ye there?  
The D— then nor she ne'er get mair.  
Is that the trifle that ye spoke of?  
Wha think ye, sir, ye mak a mock of?  
Ye silly mansworn scant of grace,  
Swith let me never see your face.

Seek

Seek my auld *Bonnet* aff my head!  
Faith that's a bonny ane indeed!  
Require a thing I'll part with never;  
She's get as soon a lap o' my liver,  
Vile whore and jade, the woody hang her.

*Bard.* Thus said, he said nae mair for anger,  
But curs'd and ban'd, and was nae far  
Frae treading *Jouk* amang the glar.  
While *Jouk* with language glib as oolie,  
Right pawkily kept aff a toolie,  
Well masked with a wedder's skin,  
Although he was a tod within.  
He hum'd and ha'd, and with a cant  
Held forth as he had been a faint,  
And quoted texts to prove we'd better  
Part with a sma' thing for a greater.

*Joukum.* Ah! brither, may the furies rack me  
If I mean'd ill, but ye mistak me;  
But gin your *Bonnet's* sic a jewel,  
Pray gie't or keep it, sir, as you will,  
Since your auld fashion'd fancy rather  
Inclines till't than a hat and feather;  
But I'll go try my brither *Bawfy*,  
Poor man, he's nae sae daft and saucy.  
With empty pride to crook his mou,  
And hinder his ain good like you;  
If him and me agree, ne'er doubt ye,  
We'll make the bargain up without ye;  
Syne your braw *Bonnet* and your noddle  
Will hardly baith be worth a bodle.

*Bard.* At this bauld *Bristle's* colour chang'd,  
He swore on *Rose* to be reveng'd,

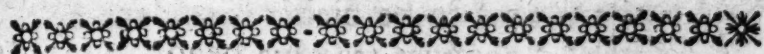
For

For he began now to be fied,  
 She'd wile the honours frae his head,  
 Syne with a stern and canker'd look,  
 He thus reprov'd his brother *Jouk*.

*Bristle*. Thou vile disgrace of our forbears,  
 Wha lang with valiant dint of weirs,  
 Maintain'd their rights 'gainst a' intrusions  
 Of our auld faes the *Rosycrucians*,  
 Do'st thou design at last to catch  
 Us in a girn with this base match,  
 And for the hauding up thy pride,  
 Upon thy brithers riggins ride?  
 I'll see you hang'd, and her the gither,  
 As high as *Haman* in a tether,  
 Ere I with my ain *Bonnet* quat,  
 For any borrow'd beaver *bat*,  
 While I, as *Rosie* takes the fikes,  
 Maun wear or no just as she likes:  
 Then let me hear nae mair about her,  
 For if again ye dare to mutter,  
 Sic vile proposals in my hearing,  
 Ye need nae trust to my forbearing;  
 For soon my beard will take a low,  
 And I shall crack your crazy pow.

*Bard*. This said, brave *Bristle* said nae mair,  
 But cock'd his *Bonnet* with an air,  
 Wheel'd round with gloomy brows and muddy,  
 And left his brither in a study.





## C A N T O . III.

*Bard.* **N**OW *Sol* with his lang whip gae cracks  
Upon his nighering coosers backs,  
To gar them tak the *Olympian* Brae,  
With a cart lade of bleezing day;  
The country hynd ceases to snore,  
Bangs frae his bed unlocks the door,  
His bladder tooms, and gies a rift,  
Then tentily surveys the list,  
And weary of his wife and flaes,  
To their embrace prefers his claes.  
Scarce had the lark forlook his nest,  
When *Jouk*, wha had got little rest,  
For thinking on his plot and lassie,  
Got up to gang and deal wi' *Bawfie* :  
Away fast o'er the bent he gade,  
And fand him dozing on his bed,  
His blankets creishy, foul his sark,  
His curtains trim'd with spider's wark ;  
Soot draps hang frae his roof and kipples,  
His floor was a' tobacco spittles :  
Yet on the antlets of a deer,  
Hang mony an auld claymore and spear,  
With coat of iron, and target trusty,  
Inch thick of dirt and unco rusty :  
Enough appear'd to show his Billy  
That he was lazy, poor and silly,  
And wadna make so great a bustle  
About his *Bonnet* as did *Bristle*.

*Jouk*

*Youk* three times rugged at his shoulder,  
 Cry'd three times laigh and three times louder;  
 At langrun *Bawfy* rak'd his een.  
 And cries, What's that? What do ye mean?  
 Then looking up he sees his brither.

*Bawfy.* Good-morrow *Youk*, what brings you  
 You're early up,—as I'm a sinner (hither?  
 I seemly rise before my dinner:  
 Well, what's ye'r news, and how gaes a'?  
 Ye've been an unco time awa'.

*Youkum.* *Bawfy*, I'm blyth to see you well,  
 For me, thank God, I keep my heal:  
 Get up, get up, ye lazy mart,  
 I have a secret to impart,  
 Of which when I give you an inkling,  
 It will set baith your lugs a tinkling.

*Bard.* Straight *Bawfy* rises, quickly dresses,  
 While haste his youky mind impresses:  
 Now rigg'd, and morning-drink brought in,  
 Thus did flee-gabet *Youk* begin.

*Youkum.* My worthy brither, well I wate,  
 O'er feckless is your wee estate,  
 For sick a meikle faul as yours,  
 That to things greater higher towers;  
 But ye ly loitering here at hame,  
 Neglectfu' baith of wealth and fame,  
 Tho' as I said, ye have a mind  
 That is for higher things design'd.

*Bawfy.* That's very true, thanks to the skies,  
 But how to get them, there it lies.

*Youkum.* I'll tell ye *Baws*,—I've laid a plot,  
 That only wants your casting vote,

And

And if ye'll gie't your bread is baken;  
But first accept of this love-taken;  
Here take this gowd, and never want  
Enough to gar you drink and rant;  
And this is but an arle-penny  
To what I afterward design ye;  
And in return I'm fure that I  
Shall naithing seek that ye'll deny.

*Bawfsy.* And troth now *Jouk*, and neither will I,  
Or after never ca' me Billy;  
If I refuse wae light upon me.  
This gowd, O vow! 'tis wonder bonny.

*Joukum.* Ay that it is——'tis e'en the a'  
That gars the plough of living draw,  
'Tis Gowd gars fogers feight the fiercer,  
Without it preaching wad be scarcer.  
'Tis Gowd that makes the great men witty,  
And puggy lasses fair and pretty;  
Without it ladies nice wad dwindle  
Down to a wife that snooves a spindle.

But to the point, and wave Digression,  
I make a free and plain confession,  
That I'm in love, and as I said,  
Demand from you a little aid  
To gain a bride that eithly can  
Make me fou blest, and you a man:  
Give me your *Bonnet* to present  
My mistress with,—and your consent  
To rive the daft auld fashion'd *Deed*  
That bids ye wear it on your head.

*Bawfsy.* O gosh! O gosh! then *Jouk* have ather,  
If that be a' 'tis nae great matter.

*Joukum.*

*Joukum.* These granted, she demands nae mair  
 To let us in her riches skair;  
 Nor shall our herds as heretofore,  
 Rin aff with ane anither's store,  
 Nor ding out ane anither's barns,  
 When they forgather 'mang the karns;  
 But freely may drive up and down,  
 And sell in ilka market town  
 Belongs to her,—which soon you'll see,  
 If ye'll be wise, belang to me:  
 And when that happy day shall come,  
 My honest *Bawsy*, there's my thumb,  
 That while I breath I'll ne'er beguile ye,  
 Ye'se baith get gowd, and be a bailey.

*Bawsy.* Faith *Jouk*, I see but little skaith  
 In breaking of a senseless aith,  
 That is impos'd by doited dads,  
 (To please their whims) on thoughtless lads,  
 My *Bonnet*! welcome to my *Bonnet*!  
 And meikle good may ye mak on it.  
 Our father's Will I'se mak nae din.  
 Tho' *Rosie* should apply't behin.  
 But say, does billy *Bristle* ken  
 This your design to mak us men?

*Joukum.* Ay, that he does, but the stiff afs,  
 Bears a heart-hatred to the las,  
 And rattles out a hantla stories  
 Of blood and dirt and ancient glories,  
 Meaning foul feuds that us'd to be  
 Between ours and her family;  
 Bans like a blockhead, that he'll ne'er  
 Twin with his *Bonnet* for a'er Gear;

But



But you and I conjoin'd caa-ding him,  
And by a vote, to reason bring him;  
If ye stand close, 'tis unco eith  
To rive the *test'ment* spite o's teeth,  
And gar him ply for a' his clavers,  
To lift his *Bonnet* to our *Beavers*.

*Bawsy*. Then let the doof delight in drudging  
What cause have we to tent his grudging;  
Tho' *Rosie's* flocks feed on the fells,  
If you and I be well ourfells.

*Bard*. Thus *Jouk* and *Bawsy* were agreed,  
And *Brijs* maun yield, it was decreed,

Thus far I've sung in Highland strains,  
Of *Jouk's* amours and pawky pains  
To gain his ends with ilka brither,  
Sae opposite to ane anither;  
Of *Bristle's* hardy resolutions,  
And hatred to the *Rosycrucians*;  
Of *Bawsy* put in slavery neck-fast,  
Selling his *Bonnet* for a breakfast.  
What follows on't, of gain or skaith,  
I'll tell when we hae taen our breath.

## C A N T O IV.

*Bard*. **N**OW soon as e'er the WILL was torn,  
*Jouk* with twa *Bonnets* on the morn,  
Frae *Fairyland* fast bang'd away,  
The prize at *Rosie's* feet to lay;  
Wha sleely when he did appear,  
About his success 'gan to speer.

*Joukum*. Here, bonny lass, your humble slave  
Presents you with the things you crave,

The

The riven *Will* and *Bonnets* twa,  
Which makes the third worth nought ava.  
Our power gie<sup>t</sup> up, now I demand  
Your promis'd love, and eke your hand.

*Bard.* *Rose* smil'd to see the lad outwitted,  
And *Bonnets* to the flames committed.  
Immediately an awfu' sound,

As ane wad thought raise frae the ground :  
And syne appear'd a stalwart *Ghaist*,  
Whase stern and angry looks amais<sup>t</sup>  
Unhool'd their fauls, —— shaking they saw,  
Him frae the fire the *Bonnets* draw ;  
Then came to *Jouk*, and with twa drugs,  
Encreas'd the length of baith his lugs ;  
And said, ——

*Ghaist.* —— Be a' thy days an as,  
And hackney to this cunning *Lass* :  
But for these *Bonnets* I'll preserve them,  
For bairns unborn, that will deserve them.

*Bard.* With that he vanish'd frae their een,  
And left poor *Jouk* wi' breeks not clean.  
He shakes, while *Rosie* rants and capers,  
And ca's the vision nought but vapours :  
Rubs o'er his cheeks and gab wi' ream,  
Till he believes't to be a dream :  
Syne to the closet leads the way,  
To soup him up with usquebae.

*Rosie.* Now, bonny lad, ye may be free  
To handle ought pertains to me ;  
And ere the sun, though he be dry,  
Has driven down the westlin sky,

To

To drink his wamefu' of the sea,  
 There's be but ane of you and me.  
 In marriage ye shall hae my hand;  
 But I maun hae the sole command  
 In *Fairyland* to saw and plant,  
 And to send there for ought I want.

*Bard.* Ay, ay, cries *Jouk*, all in a fire,  
 And stiff'ning into strong desire.

*Joukum.* Come haste thee, let us sign and seal;  
 And let my billies gae to the ——.

*Bard.* Here it wad mak o'er lang a tale,  
 To tell how meikle cakes and ale,  
 And beef and broe, and gryce and geese,  
 And pyes a' running o'er wi' creesh,  
 Was serv'd upon the wedding-table,  
 To make the lads and lasses able  
 To do, ye ken, what we think shame,  
 (Tho' ilk ane does't) to gie't a name.

But true it is, they soon were buckled,  
 And soon she made poor *Jouk* a cuckold,  
 And play'd her bawdy sports before him,  
 With chiefs that car'd not tippence for him,  
 Besides a *Rosicrucian* trick  
 She had a dealing with *Auld Nick*;  
 And when e'er *Jouk* began to grumble,  
*Auld Nick* in the neist room wad rumble.  
 She drank, and fought, and spent her gear  
 With dice, and selling o' the mare.  
 Thus living like a *Belzi's* get,  
 She ran her sell sae deep in debt,  
 By borrowing money at a' hands,  
 That yearly income of her lands,  
 Scare paid the int'rest of her bands.

*Fouk*, ay ca'd wise behind the hand,  
 The daffing of his doings fand:  
 O'er late he now began to see  
 The ruin of his family:  
 But past relief, lar'd in a midding,  
 He's now oblig'd to do her bidding.  
 Away with strict command he's sent,  
 To *Fairyland* to lift the rent,  
 And with him many a *Caterpillar*,  
 To rug frae *Bris* and *Bawsy* siller;  
 For her braid table maun be serv'd,  
 Tho' *Fairy-fouk* should a' be starv'd.  
*Fouk* thus surrounded with his guards,  
 Now plunders hay-stacks, barns, and yards,  
 They drive the nowt frae *Bristle's* fald,  
 While he can nought but ban and scald.

*Bristle*. Vile slave to a hissey, ill begotten,  
 By many dads, with claps haf rotten.  
 Wer't na for honour of my mither,  
 I shou'd na think ye were my brither.

*Fouk*. Dear brither, why this rude reflection?  
 Learn to be gratefu' for protection;  
 The *Petereneans*, bloody beasts,  
 That gar fowk lick the dowps of priests,  
 Else on a brander, like a haddock,  
 Be broolied, sprowling like a paddock,  
 These monsters, lang or now had come  
 With faggots, taz, and tuck o' drum,  
 And twin'd you of your wealth and lives,  
 Syne without speering, ——— your wives.  
 Had not the *Rosicrucians* stood  
 The bulwark of your rights and blood;

And



Canto IV. *A Tale of Three Bonnets.* 21

And yet forsooth, ye grin and grumble,  
 And with a gab unthankfu' mumble  
 But mony a black unworthy curse,  
 When *Rosie* bids ye draw your purse ;  
 When she's sae gen'rously content  
 With not aboon thirty *per cent*.

*Bristle*. Damn you and her! tho' now I'm blae,  
 I'm hopefu' yet to see the day,  
 I'll gar ye baith repent that e'er  
 Ye reav'd by force away my gear,  
 Without, or thanks, or making price,  
 Or ever speering my advice.

*Foukum*. Peace Gowk, we naething do at a',  
 But by the letter of the law :  
 Then nae mair with your din torment us,  
 Gowling like ane *non compos mentis*,  
 Else *Rosie* issue may a writ,  
 To tye ye up baith hand and fit,  
 And dungeon ye, but meat or drink,  
 Till ye be starv'd and die in stink.

*Bard*. Thus *Fouk* and *Bristle* when they met,  
 With sic braw language ither treat.  
 Just fury glows in *Bristle's* veins ;  
 And tho' his *Bonnet* he retains.  
 Yet on his crest he may not cock it,  
 But in a coffer close maun lock it.  
 Bare-headed, thus he e'en knocks under,  
 And lets them drive away the plunder,  
 Sae have I seen, beside a tower,  
 The king of brutes oblig'd to cour ;  
 And, on his royal paunches thole  
 A dwarf to prob him with a pole !

While

While he wad shaw his fangs and rage,  
With bootless brangling in his cage.

Now follows that we take a peep  
Of Bawfy looking like a sheep  
By Bristle hated and despis'd,  
By Jouk and Rose as little priz'd.

Soon as the horse had heard his brither,  
Joukum and Rose were prick'd the gither;  
Away they scour o'er hight and how,  
Fou sidging fain whate'er he dow,  
Counting what things he now did mister,  
That wad be gi'en him by his sister.  
Like shallow bards wha think they flee,  
Because they live sax stories high,  
To some poor lifeless lucubration  
Prefixes fleeching dedication,  
And blythly dream they'll be restor'd  
To ale-house credit, by my lord  
Thus Bawfy's mind in plenty row'd,  
While he thought on his promis'd gowd  
And baileyship, which he with fines  
Wad make like the West India mines;  
Arrives, with future greatness dizzy,  
Ca's, Where's Mest Jouk?—

Beef. —Mest Jouk is bisy.

Bawfy. My Lady Rose, is she at leisure?

Beef. No, Sir, my lady's at her pleasure.

Bawfy. I wait for *her*, or *him*, go shew,

Beef. And pray ye, Master, wha are you?

Bawfy. Upo' my faul this porter's sawfy:

Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawfy,

Their

Their brither who made up the marriage.

*Beef.* And so I thought it by your carriage,  
Between your houghs gae clap your gelding,  
Swith hame and feast upon a spelding,  
For there's nae room beneath this roof,  
To entertain a simple coof,  
The like of you, that nane can trust,  
Wha to your ain have been unjust.

*Bard.* This said he dadded too the yate,  
And left poor Bawfy in a fret,  
Wha loudly gowl'd, and made a din,  
That was o'erheard by a' within.  
Quoth Rose to Jouk, Come let's away,  
And see what's yon makes a' this fray,  
Away they went and saw the creature  
Sair runklung ilka silly feature  
Of his dull phiz, with girns and glooms,  
Stamping and biting at his thumbs,  
Then tented him a little while,  
Then came full on him with a smile.  
Which soon gart him forget the torture  
Was rais'd within him by the porter.  
Sae will a sucking weanie yell,  
But shake a rattle or a bell,  
It hads its tongue—Let that alane,  
It to its yamering fa's again:  
Lilt up a sang, and straight its seen  
To laugh with tears into its een,  
Thus eithly anger'd, eithly pleas'd,  
Weak Bawfy lang they tantaliz'd.  
With promises right wide extended,  
They ne'er perform'd nor ne'er intended:

But

But now and then when they did need him,  
 A supper and a pint they gied him!  
 That done they hae nae mair to say,  
 And scarcely ken him the neist day.  
 Poor fallow, now this mony a year,  
 With some faint hope, and routh of fear,  
 He has been wrestling with his fate,  
 A drudge to Joukum and his mate;  
 While Bristle saves his manly look,  
 Regardless baith of Rose and Jouk,  
 Maintains right quietly 'yond the cairns  
 His honour, conscience, wife and bairns,  
 Jouk and his rumlegare wife  
 Drive on a drunken gaming life,  
 'Cause sober they can get nae rest  
 For Nick and Duniwhistle's ghaist,  
 Wha in the garrets often tooly,  
 And shore them with a bloody gully.

Thus I have sung in hamlet rhyme,  
 A sang that scorns the teeth of time,  
 Yet modestly I hide my name,  
 Admiring virtue mair than fame.  
 But tent ye wha despise instruction,  
 And gives my wark a wrong construction,  
 Frae hind my curtain, mind I tell ye,  
 I'll shoot a satyre thro' your belly;  
 But wha with havins jees his *Bonnet*,  
 And says, Thanks t'ye for your Sonnet,  
 Ye shanna want the praises due  
 To generosity.      Adieu.

F I N I S.

